

The Angel of Purgatory.

HOW MANY SWEET REMINISCENCES THIS TITLE
RECALLS TO A CHRISTIAN MIND.

THE SOUL'S APPEAL.

Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends,
because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.—Jon xix., 21.

In the name of the God the Father Almighty,

Who made all men to be

A little below the choirs of Angels—

Help, friend! O help thou me!

In the name of God's sole-begotten Son

Who, in His clemency,

Paid with His Blood my ransom and thine—

Help, friend! O help thou me!

In the name of God the Paraclete,

Who dwells e'en now in thee,

And peace and free-given grace imparts—

Help, friend! O help thou me!

In the name of her in whom the Father

A Daughter dear doth see,

The Son a Mother, a Spouse the Spirit—

Help, friend! O help thou me!

In the name of that faithful Angel Guide

Who urgeth thee to flee

From sin, that feeds the flames I endure—

Help, friend! O help thou me!

In the name of our friendship in days ago,

Friendship more deep than the sea,

And prized above gold and precious stones—

Help, friend! O help thou me!

THE FORGOTTEN.

"Oblivion is the shroud of the dead."

How sad, but, at the same time, how true, are these words of the poet! In the cold winding-sheet of forgetfulness we envelop our departed friends, lest even the recollection of them should be to us a source of inquietude or regret. Far be it from us to utter a word that might tend to wound even the most tender or sensitive heart, plunged perhaps, in deepest sorrow or affliction for the loss of one nearest and dearest to it; but still the thought will recur—Who are so completely forgotten as the dead?

As long as we enjoy the happiness of their actual presence, their image is vividly impressed upon our souls. But this loved presence one day disappears—snatched away by the relentless hand of death—and little by little every trace and recollection of those once held so dear vanishes also. Perhaps at the sad hour of separation we may have whispered, whilst clasping the hand over which the cold chill of death had already crept—whilst lovingly pressing the expiring lips—"Thou wilt not be dead to me, for thy memory will live forever in my heart." But the heart of man knows not how to suffer long. It hastens to free itself from every sorrow, to heal every wound, to dry up every tear; whilst the voices of the living, which come laden with sympathy from every side, soon aid that heart, seemingly so overcharged with grief, to forget the the dead for whom it mourns. Some have left us, as it were, but yesterday, and to-day who recalls their names, their deeds, their virtues, or pauses to kneel upon their tombs?

In a few short years, we ourselves will in turn be forgotten like those who have gone before us; no longer around the domestic hearth will our names be heard, no longer will we live in the hearts of our friends; the shroud of oblivion will completely bury us, and we will be everywhere forgotten.

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But if we penetrate still further into the depths of this oblivion we find that it is a chastisement sent us by God, and one of the fruits (and not the least bitter) of sin. The root of all sin is pride, and, to quote a beautiful remark of Bossuet:

"This inordinate desire of seeking for happiness and contentment in creatures, of thirsting for the esteem and approbation of those around us, deprives God, as it were, of the glory which should appertain to Him alone."

It is not to be wondered at, therefore,